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problems of the small and inefficient growers. Unless some kind of a program of gradual transition is adopted, the country will be burdened indefinitely with an inverted pyramid of subsidies reaching ridiculous proportions.

Our opposition to a new subsidy comes with full awareness that textile manufacturers in the country are at a disadvantage in the purchase of cotton. Domestic consumption of cotton has plunged sharply because it is overpriced to the mills. The use of synthetic fibers has soared. Prospects for U.S. export of cotton abroad are poor.

The roots of the problem lie deep in the first subsidy that is paid to cotton growers. This has the altruistic purpose of helping the small farmer, but it is a veritable bonanza to the largest producers whose lint fills Government warehouses.

Consider the vicious cycle. U.S. consumers must pay higher prices for textile goods because of the artificial costs to mills. When they buy imported goods, they must pay more because of tariffs added to protect the competitiveness of the domestic industry. At the same time, the taxpayer-consumer must subsidize the export of U.S. cotton so that it will sell on the world market. Not long ago there was an abortive effort to further tax textile imports on the basis of their cotton content, a cost the consumer would have to pay. Now the man who pays the Government's bills is being asked to ante up again.

The Department of Agriculture conceded last week that it can't endorse the full 8½-cent subsidy on domestic cotton. Six cents is nearer the difference anyway when the shipping costs of exported cotton are taken into account.

Undersecretary of Agriculture Charles S. Murphy said he believed a subsidy ranging from about 3½ to 5 cents a pound is all that can be budgeted. At his top figure, this would cost the Government \$225 million a year on top of the millions being spent on the price support program.

A new subsidy in the cotton program would be nothing more than a feeble excuse for the failure of Congress to face up to its duty.

It must have the political courage to begin the surgery that in a few years would get the Government out of the cotton business, except for the production adjuvant it gives to growers.

Spoon-Fed Generation

EXTENSION OF REMARKS

OF

HON. A. S. HERLONG, JR.

OF FLORIDA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, February 7, 1963

Mr. HERLONG. Mr. Speaker, the President of the United States said a short time ago that the problems that were spotlighted by the riots at the stadium on Thanksgiving Day pointed up the need for Congress to appropriate more money. What for? So they can get more modern weapons?

I submit for the consideration of the membership the following editorial which, in my judgment, is the best description of the cause and cure that I have read:

[From the De Land, Fla., Sun News, Jan. 8, 1963]

SPOON-FED GENERATION

You can find a handful of theories about the causes of juvenile crime. The trouble with most of them is that they seem only partial explanations.

For example, such usually cited factors as poverty, bad housing, broken homes, racial discrimination, and poor schooling obviously don't play any role in the substantial amount of crime committed by well-cared-for youngsters in U.S. suburbs.

The playwright, Arthur Miller, writing not long ago in *Harpers*, searched hard for a real common thread, one which would bind together juvenile crime not just in this country but all over the world. It runs high in Europe—even in the Soviet Union.

Miller believes he has found the bond. He thinks it is an all-pervading boredom, a strange kind of emptiness of the mind and spirit.

This, he says, is not the boredom of idleness alone, though there can be little doubt that the joblessness of ill-trained youngsters contributes.

The emptiness he speaks of comes from an absence of challenges, a lack of genuine, meaningful conflicts, a failure to test the individual's will and capacity.

The poor man's son sees the Government, with some erratic exceptions, providing welfare checks. The rich man's son sees his father providing cars, television sets, cameras, at the asking.

When does either young man learn he must earn the rewards of life?

In this grand age of excuse and permissiveness, the youth, rich or poor, is forgiven virtually all his errors by the courts, the welfare agencies and social workers, the indulgent parents. Few if any demands are made upon him.

In this situation, it is suggested, he manufactures excitement by venturing into daring and often brutal crime. The senseless assault perhaps makes sense only as a momentary release from boredom.

Parents, indeed the whole adult world, cannot be relieved of heavy responsibility for creating the vacuum in which today's youngsters threaten about—often so wildly. But neither can the young be absolved of blame.

One individual who seems to see things this way recently addressed teenagers through the columns of a Washington newspaper. To young folk bemoaning their sad lot, he wrote:

"Go home, hang the storm windows, paint the woodwork, rake the leaves, shovel the walk, wash the car, learn to cook.

"Help the minister, visit the sick, assist the poor, study your lessons. And when you are through, and not too tired, read a book.

"Your parents do not owe you entertainment. The world does not owe you a living. You owe the world something; your time and energy and your talents, so that no one will be at war or in poverty, or sick, or lonely again.

"In plain simple words, 'grow up.' Quit being a crybaby. Get out of your dream world. Develop a backbone, not a wishbone, and start acting like a man—or a lady."

For parents and children alike, these words make a cracking good reading lesson with which to begin a new year.

We Were Betrayed

EXTENSION OF REMARKS

OF

HON. BOB WILSON

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, February 7, 1963

Mr. BOB WILSON. Mr. Speaker, I commend the following account to my colleagues and to all Americans interested in knowing the bare and undiluted

facts surrounding the failure of the Cuban invasion. I ask unanimous consent to include the following remarks by Manuel Penabaz in the Congressional Record:

[From the U.S. News & World Report, Jan. 14, 1963]

We Were Betrayed—A Veteran of the Cuban Invasion Speaks Out
(By Manuel Penabaz)

How do Cubans, who fought at the Bay of Pigs, feel about the U.S. role in that fiasco? This is the story of one Cuban invader, told in his own words.

Manuel Penabaz falls of assurances made by representatives of the U.S. Government that the invasion against Castro would have U.S. support. Then, he relates, just when the invaders needed help most—and might have won—they were told: "We cannot give you any further support."

Many veterans of the invasion, just ransomed from Castro prisons, say they hold no rancor against the United States. But Penabaz says: "We did not fail. We were betrayed."

"Keep advancing. Keep advancing—and wait."

So long as I live, I shall never forget those words. They sounded out from an American ship, from the officer who directed our landing operations at the Bay of Pigs on the coast of Cuba, where 1,400 of us Cubans offered our lives in the hope of liberating our beloved country from the rule of the bearded despot, Fidel Castro, on April 17, 1961.

"Keep advancing and firing. Take the area ahead—and wait."

To us who had struggled ashore from our landing barges, the words "and wait" meant only one thing: "Help is on the way."

When we were recruited for this perilous mission, and during our exhaustive training in Guatemala—even while on the way, ancient freighters that brought us from our embarkation port in Nicaragua—we were promised the support of the Armed Forces of the United States.

"Over you will be air cover," we were told, "and back of you the Navy and land forces of the United States and other free nations of the Americas. You cannot fail."

We did not fail. We were betrayed.

After 3 days of fighting, we heard again that same American voice that had exhorted us to "keep advancing—and wait." Only this time it said:

"We cannot give you any further support."

The whole invasion operation that had been planned and directed by agencies of the U.S. Government had been abandoned by that Government at the moment when victory could have overthrown Fidel Castro.

Of the 1,500 who began the assault at the Bay of Pigs on that warm April morning, about 100 were killed; 60 later died of wounds, starvation, torture and executions; most of the others were captured.

I was among the lucky. I escaped. Four of my comrades and I found a raft and, after 5 days adrift, were rescued.

Now my surviving comrades of that invasion also have been freed—ransomed from Castro's prison cells. Many of them have told me since their arrival in Miami that their lips are sealed because they have relatives still in Cuba. I, too, have relatives in Cuba. But my lips are not sealed. I will tell the story of what happened at the Bay of Pigs, because I believe that such a mistake must not be made again by any government or people of the free world.

For me, the story of the invasion began in Miami, Fla., when I heard the words: "Recruits are needed—recruits to overthrow Castro."

The Central Intelligence Agency of the U.S. Government, headed by Allen Dulles, was the recruiting and training group for our volunteers.

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